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THE
DUTCH-MAN,

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

By THOMAS BRIDGES, Esq. K

AUTHOR OF HOMER IN BURLESQUE.



L O N D O N :

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M,DCC,LXXV.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DUTCH-MAN,	Mr. BANNISTER,
SIR WILLIAM,	Mr. BRETT,
THOMAS,	Mr. WILSON,
CLAUSSEN,	Mr. WALTERS,

W O M E N.

DUTCH-MAN'S WIFE,	Mrs. LOVE,
MISS SOPHY,	Mrs. WELLER,
LETTICE,	Mrs. WILSON,
A DUTCH-WOMAN,	Mrs. WESTON.

DRAMATIC PERSONA

DUTCHMAN

MR. BANNISTER

MR. BRET

MR. WILSON

WALKER



DUTCHMAN

MR. KELLER

MR. WILSON

MR. WILSON

MR. WILSON

MR. WILSON

MR. WILSON

MR. WILSON

THE
DUTCH-MAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Dutch Garden.

*Miss Sophy discovered in a Bower, in a thoughtful
Attitude, her Abigail standing by her.*

Sophy rises, and advances to the Front of the Stage.

SONG.

SOPHY.

HOW hapless are they who of Parents bereft,
To the uncertain Care of false Guardians are left:
How soon do those Guardians, to gain their base Ends,
Forget all Regard for their departed Friends,
Forget, &c.

What

What an unhappy Thought it was in my Father to make a Dutch-man my Guardian! An English Guardian, provided he did not belong to the Law, would have been content to rob me of half my Fortune; but this frog-spawn Fellow, that's neither Fish nor Flesh, wants not only all my Fortune, but my Person into the Bargain.

Lettice. Now am I so enraged at this flounder-faced Varlet, that if I thought my Sciffar Points could get through his six Waistcoats, I'd stab the Rogue to the Heart. But I think I smells the Smoak of his black Pipe.

Sophy. Then do you retire out of Sight, *Lettice.*

[Exit *Lettice.*

Enter Mynheer.

Myn. My pretty Charge, I cannot keep out of the Sunshine of your Eyes; I find I love you better than pickled Herring.

Sophy. This must be Flattery, Mynheer.

Myn. No such Thing: for I can venture to say, I love you more than a Dish of Solomon Gundy.

Sophy. Solomon Gundy! To my thinking you beat *Solomon* himself! He, in all his Glory, could never pocket his Hands with such a majestic Air as Mynheer *Vader Donder Dontronek*.

Myn. Indeed!

Sophy. Nay, even when he sat on his Throne and received the Queen of *Sheba*, he could not put on a Countenance of such Consequence as my Mynheer can.

Myn. O *Sophy*, *Sophy*, you have turned all my Blood into Spirits of Wine, and set Fire to it, and *Cupid* is now playing at Snap-Dragon within my Ribs.

Sophy.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Sophy. O Mynheer, you smother me with Compliments.

Myn. I wish she would let me get hold of her Lips, I would smother her with Smacks.

S O N G.

I.

Blest *Batavia's* choice Arrack,
Or *Geneva*, or Cape-Wine,
Ne'er can yield so true a Smack,
As those ruby Lips of thine.

II.

What is there I would not do,
For a Girl so tight and handy;
I would, for a Maid like you,
Leave my Pipe and Glafs of Brandy.

[Exit Sophy, and as Mynheer is skipping off, he espies his Wife.]

Oons, 'tis my Wife! Now am I, for the first Time in my Life, at a Loss for a Lie—But let me see,—one and two is three, and three is six, and four is ten; and that makes a full thousand.

[Capers and runs bump against his Wife.]

Enter Wife.

Wife. Is the Fellow mad! What thousands are you talking about?

Myn.

Myn. My dear Bubzee, I shall get a thousand Ducats by a Bargain I made this Morning, for Seals, Blubber, and Bear-skins.

Wife. Then why may not I take a Caper with you. Play up Scrapers.

S O N G.

What Dutch-woman doth not grow frisky and funny,
The Moment she hears that her Husband gets Money;
'Tis Money alone, and of that a good Lump,
Can make either Dutch-man or Dutch-woman
jump.

[*Exeunt capering, Arm in Arm.*]

S C E N E II.

A Street.

Enter Lettice and Thomas.

Thom. Mrs. Lettice, I am your most obedient, and most humble Slave.

Lett. I vows and protestes, Mr. Thomas, I hardly knows you. Has you borrowed a Monkey Jacket of some Puppy-Showman?

Thom. Monkey Jacket, Mrs. Lettice! This is my new Livery, made in the Taste of the Duchefs of Splendor's first Gentleman in Livery.

Lett. Where is Sir William now, Mr. Thomas?

Thom. At home, Mrs. Lettice.

Lett

Lett. Between you and me and the Cat, what Sort of a Gentleman is Sir *William*, at Bottom?

Thom. A mighty pretty Gentleman, Mrs. *Lettice*, both at Top and Bottom; and does every Thing with the most dressing-cag'd Air you ever sees. I learned this Walk at him, but to handle my Hands like him, must be a Work of Time; my Dancing-Master in *Cow-Lane* told me it could not be done in less than two Years; for it takes a full Year to teach an Alderman to handle his Knife and Fork with Grace, especially if they have imbibed that gobbling Habit which they get when they was Church-wardens.

Lett. But can't they say Grace then, without handling their Knives and Forks. I have heard a very good Grace formerly said over a Dish of Furmity, and that is Spoon Meat, you knows, Mr. *Thomas*.

Thom. Lord help you, Mrs. *Lettice*, it's pious Grace that you means; but Gentlemen does not meddle with that, now a days: this is a sort of Grace I has heard Sir *William* say, that the most graceless Man in the World, may have the most on.

Lett. It may be so, Mr. *Thomas*; but what is Sir *William* doing now?

Thom. Very Gentleman-like Business, I assure you, Mrs. *Lettice*.

Lett. What is that?

Thom. Picking his Nails. Oh, Mrs. *Lettice*, that I could pick my Nails, and handle a Book, with such an Air as Sir *William* does; in the genteel Strut, ever since I conquered that Lesson of turning my Toes out, I is sure I beats him. [*Struts ridiculously.*]

Lett. You does that very well, Mr. *Thomas*.

B

Thom.

Thom. Yes, and if I falls in Love, I shall do it better.

Lett. I thought you is in Love with me, Mr. Thomas.

Thom. To be sure I is; but not so desperately as Sir William is with Miss *Sophy*: but she has a Power of Money. Oh, Mrs. *Lettice*, if you had but a tenth of it, I would take up a Book, and throw it down again; I would kick Chairs and Tables, and Joint Stools about, and never eat above three or four Meals a Day, just to keep Life and Soul together.

Lett. But I has no Time to hold a longer Drylogg with you now, because you must evaporate, and tell Sir William to meet me in half an Hour's Time, in the Grove of Bay-trees.

Thom. I am gone: One Kifs, my dearest Mrs. *Lettice*, and then adieu.

Lett. Dearest Mr. *Thomas*, adieus, adieus. [*Exit Thomas.*] Now I must prepare to give Sir William a little Comfort in the Grove; it's a very privacy Place, to be sure; but I ventures with great Lacrity for Miss *Sophy*'s Sake; for she, poor young Thing, has but a captivity Sort of a Time on't, so I puts on a good Resolution to run all Risks,—but to be in a very privacy Place with a handsome Man, is a very great Risk, to be sure.

SONG.

THE DUTCH-MAN.

11

S O N G.

When a Man is both well-bred and handsome, you'll own,

There's Danger in meeting such People alone;
For thof I fay, No, to a blustering Devil,
Yet I trembles, and quakes when a Gentleman's civil.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

*Sir William discovered, with his Elbow on the Table
with a Flute and Book.*

*Plays the Prelude to the Song, then comes forward and
sings.*

S O N G.

I.

No chearful Sun shall on me rise,
Till I can view my *Sophy's* Eyes,
No pleasing Gleam my Heart can chear,
Till *Sophy's* beauteous Form draws near.

II.

Altho' a Dragon guards the Fruit,
For which I'm pining in pursuit,
My Comfort is, he never tastes,
But in the Midst of Plenty wastes.

B 2

Enter

Enter Thomas, with a Cloak on his Arm.

Sir *Will.* Where have you been, *Thomas*?

Thom. Giving my Orders to the Butcher, the Brewer, and the Baker.

Sir *Will.* Very well, *Thomas*, but what is that Cloak for?

Thom. For your Honour, because it is a very cold, foggy Morning.

Sir *Will.* Suppose it is, I don't wear my Cloak in the House.

Thom. But I fancies your Honour is going to the Grove of Bay-trees.

Sir *Will.* What to do, *Thomas*?

Thom. To meet Mrs. *Lettice*.

Sir *Will.* Mrs. *Lettice*!

Thom. Yes, Sir *William*.

Sir *Will.* When?

Thom. In half an Hour.

Sir *Will.* How long is it since you left her?

Thom. (*Pulls out his Watch very leisurely*) It wants a Quarter of an Hour, so you gets there very easily, if you walks very fast.

Sir *Will.* (*Throws down his Book, and snatches up his Hat*) Dolt! Idiot! (*Rushes by Thomas, and tumbles, Cloak, Watch, and Thomas over a Chair.*)

[*Exit.*

Thom. (*Getting up leisurely*) How genteelly that Book was thrown down! (*Takes up the Book very awkwardly and plumps it down*) No, that won't do; I must have many a Tramp to *Cow-lane* before I comes

comes up to Sir *William* yet: but there's two Things I am sure I comes up to him at, the one is in the genteel Strut, the other in handling a Knife and Fork.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The Grove.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. With what Pleasure has Hope allured me to reside in a Country fit for nothing but Otters, Water-rats, Frogs and Dutch-men. But I wish my dear Girl's Abigail would come.

Enter Lettice.

My dear Mrs. *Lettice*, I began to be horridly afraid that the Dutch-man had taken it into his Head to confine you, as well as your Mistress.

Lett. He confine me, a son of a Dutch—Butter-box! if he offered to confine me, I would soon let him feel what true *English* Nails are made on—But my poor Mistress is worse confined than a Christian Slave in a Turkey Seraglio.

Sir Will. What can the Monster mean by it?

Lett. He wants both she and her Money.

Sir Will. He can want your Mistress for nothing but to sell her for a large Sum to the Grand Signior.

Lett. To a grand Sinner! There is not one of our East India Nabobs, as grand Sinners as they are, could

could afford to pay the Price the Dutch-man would set upon her.

Sir Will. I am on the Rack, *Lettice*, and shall be, till I get her out of his Hands.

Lett. On the Rack, *Sir William*! I is on the Grate Iron, and that's a great deal nearer the Fire than the Rack—but to tell you the Truth, I comes here of my own Accord, free gracious for nothing, to tell you something.

Sir Will. Then dear *Lettice*, pray unbosom yourself directly.

Lett. Indeed, *Sir William*, it makes me blush excessively to ask me such a Question.

Sir Will. I don't mean that, *Lettice*, I only beg to hear what you have to tell me.

Lett. Why then, *Sir William*, I does not fear, but with a little of my Advice, *Miss Sophy* will be able to trumperize so well with this Rogue, as to give him a Roleband for his Elephant.

Sir Will. Indeed!

Lett. Never fear it, *Sir William*; Love will make him swallow the Top of a Church Steeple, if *Miss Sophy* tells him it's a Sugar Loaf.

Sir Will. But, my dear Mrs. *Lettice*, how can my charming *Sophy*, who is all Innocence, ever bring herself to dissemble so well, as to deceive this wary *Sooterkin*?

Lett. Don't you be afraid of that, *Sir William*, dissembling is the Master-piece of our Sextes, and if she does not manage him, I'll be content never to meet with a Man to manage me.

Sir Will. But I'll find a jolly Fellow for you, the Moment we get safe to *England*; so fly to your Mistress, to assist her with your good Advice.

Lett.

Lett. I goes directly, Sir *William*; (*Going, turns back*) but is it a handsome young Man you designs for me?

Sir Will. A very jolly Fellow; but haste away, dear *Lettice*.

Lett. I am gone, Sir *William*, but I hopes he is not old.

Sir Will. About five and twenty; but pray, dear *Lettice*, lose no Time.

Lett. That's a fine Age, Sir *William*; but if he was younger I should not be afraid of him.

Sir Will. I believe not, *Lettice*, but pray haste away.

Lett. I am sure I have Qualifications sufficient to make a good Wife.

Sir Will. Ay, and more than sufficient, I'll answer for't.

Lett. And such an Overplush of Good Nature, that I seldom refuses a Gentleman any Thing he axes in a civil Way.

Sir Will. I believe it, Mrs. *Lettice*, but pray—

Lett. I am no great Talker, Sir *William*, but I can mend of that if my Husband expects it.

Sir Will. Don't give yourself any Trouble about that Article, my dear *Lettice*, but hasten away to your Mistress.

S O N G.

S O N G.

I.

To my charming *Sophy* fly,
 Tell her how I pine and die ;
 Tell her how in plaintive Strain,
 I from Hour to Hour complain.

II.

Tell her that my love-sick Heart,
 Can no longer bear the Smart ;
 Tell her how you left me here,
 Food for Anguish and Despair.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*A Room.**Enter Thomas and Lettice.*

Thom. My dear Mrs. *Lettice*, you refreshed Sir *William* charmingly in the Grove.

Lett. Yes, Mr. *Thomas*, he's a charming Man, and I does'nt wonder that Miss *Sophy* is so far gone in Love.

Thom.

Thom. I does not wonder at it, *Mrs. Lettice*, when I considers how dearly you loves me, that is but at this present Writing, a dark Copy of *Sir William's* Perfections; but he begun to dance at six Years old, when, Lord help me, *Mrs. Lettice*, I begun at nine and twenty; and I had not been above half a Year in *Cow-lane*, when we left *England*; so that I is only in the first Part of a fine *French* Dance, called a *Cow-tail-on*.

[Dances two or three Steps of a Cotillon very awkwardly.]

Lett. But please the Pigs, my dear *Mr. Thomas*, you shall go and finish your Studies in *Cow-lane*, before you marries me; for I shall like to have an uncomplish'd Gentleman, because I is a Gentlewoman born.

Thom. And my Father was a Welchman; so you may be sure I is a Gentleman born.

Lett. O charming! But my dear *Mr. Thomas*, I wishes you would call me *Madam Lettice*; *Mrs.* is too vulgarite a Name for a Gentlewoman born; for they calls the Shoe-black's Wife, *Mrs. Brush-bright*, and the Woman at the Fish-stall, *Mrs. Eel-skin*.

Thom. My dearest *Madam Lettice*, I is struck speechless for not thinking of that myself.

Lett. But, my dear *Mr. Thomas*, don't fail to meet me under our Garden Wall in an Hour's Time, because I have a Message or a Billey-drew of the uttermost Importinance for you to convoy to *Sir William*.

Thom. I shall not fail, so adieu; dear *Madam Lettice* adieu.

[Bows awkwardly and Exit.]

Lett. How prettily the Word *Madam* sounds,

C

espe-

especially when pronounced with such an Air as Mr. Thomas speaks it, and now I has gotten that Title I keeps it I warrants me.

S O N G.

If you'll keep it up with the Gentry that know ye,
Look wonderful big on the People below ye;
And when old Acquaintance to Freedoms pretend,
Your Answer must be, Keep your Distance, my
Friend.

S C E N E VI.

Sophy and Lettice.

Sophy. I fear, *Lettice*, I must be forced to dissemble deeper with this designing Man, than I at first intended.

Lett. But Mynheer comes, I hears his double-soled Shoes hobbling along the Passage now.

Sophy. Then do you step aside, *Lettice*, but don't be out of hearing.

[*Exit Lettice.*

Enter

Enter Dutch-man,

Myn. My dear Chargee, you look so charmingly, that the Sun shining through a Fog is but a mere dark Lanthorn to your Eyes.

Sophy. You flatter my Eyes, Mynheer.

Myn. I cannot flatter either your Eyes or your Complexion; because the colour of the finest *West-phalia* Ham, is mere Brick-dust, when compared to your ruddy Cheeks.

Sophy. Why, Mynheer, will you strive to win my tender Heart, when you have a Wife, a happy Wife already.

Myn. (*Spits, and making Faces.*) If you love me, *Sophy*, don't put me in Mind of my Frow, for when ever she is mentioned I grow as sick as a Dog.

Lett. (*Peeping.*) Whether this Dutch-man is a sick Dog, or not, I does not know; but I am sure he's a sad Dog.

Sophy. You seem as if you would be glad to get quit of your Wife, Mynheer.

Myn. Ay, and give a thousand Ducats to any Man that would fetch her, for then I would marry my dear Chargee.

Sophy. If that's the Case, instead of giving Money, I'll shew you a Way how to get Money by parting with her.

Myn. Which Way, my dear little Lambkin, and Duckling, and Dolphin, and Pilot Fish, and all the pretty Things on Land or Water, put together.

Sophy. But won't you, if get a Divorce, and marry me, begin to slight me, as you do this Wife?

Myn. Slight thee; by this snickerfneeing Blade—

Sophy. Pray don't swear Mynheer. Here, *Lettice.*

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Here I be, Madam.

Sophy. Pray tell Mynheer what you and I have done for him.

[*Exit.*

Myn. Why would not that dear Creature tell me herself, *Lettice*?

Lett. Because I fancies she blushes to own what a Suppression you have made on her Heart, Mynheer.

Myn. O Donder and Blaxen.

Lett. (*Peeps about.*) But are we safe, can Nobody over hear, thinks you?

Myn. Nobody.

Lett. We have found out, that your Wife is Love with a young Englishman, that came over last Winter, to learn the most fashionable Flourish in Skaiting.

Myn. I wish he would skait away with her on his Back, next Winter, I would pay him handsomely for Carriage.

Lett.

Lett. But I and my Mistress watches her so close, that we have found out they are to meet this Morning in her Dressing-room.

Myn. What to do, *Lettice*?

Lett. I guesles what, and you and a good Witness shall see if you pleases, with your own Eyes; then you may get a Divorce, and recover two or three thousand Ducats of the Englishman, for making a Monster of a Burgo-master.

Myn. They don't call Cuckolds Monsters in *England*, now *Lettice*, they are so common.

Lett. No, but they gives great Damages, for all that, an English Jury, will give a thousand Pounds for hornifyzing a Taylor, and nine thousand for hornifyzing a Lord, because a Lord, if he happens to prove a Man, is equal to nine Taylors.

Myn. What a Friend have I found in you, *Mrs. Lettice*, and what a Treasure in my dear Chargee; such a young Head, so full of Brains, with such a sweet enchanting Tongue, and such Flesh and Blood, and blue Veins, O Donder and Blaxem, how happy shall I be.

Lett. What strange Smooterkins these Dutch-men are, now now is this Fellow cooking my Mistress like a Calf's-head, with Tongue and Brains for Sauce. [*Aside.*]

SONG.

SONG.

Myn. Water Zouchee is a Dish
 In the foremost Rank of Fish:
 But no Dish of Fish or Flesh,
 Be it e'er so firm and fresh,
 Be it e'er so nice and rare,
 Can with *Sophy's* Flesh compare.

[*Exeunt,*

SCENE VII.

*A Garden Wall.**Enter Thomas.*

Thom. Here has I been waiting 'till I is so hungry,
 I could eat any Part of a Horse, except his Shoes;
 I wishes Mrs. *Lettice* is not fallen into a fatyrical
 Fit.

Enter

Enter Lettice.

Lett. I ask Pardon, my dearest Mr. *Thomas*, for retaining you so long, but I has been as busy as the Custard-maker at my Lord Mayor's Feast, and I must convoy the Billey-drew I has in my Pocket to Sir *William*, myself. So you has only Time to take a tender Leave of me, and then hurrie away to tell Sir *William* to expect me. So dearest Mr. *Thomas*, adieu. [*Wipes her Mouth, and holds up her Chin.*

Thom. (*Kisses her heartily.*) Dearest Madam *Lettice*, adieu. [*Exit.*

Lett. When I keeps a Footman, he shall learn at Mr. *Thomas* to say Madam, he does it with so much Humility, and he shall follow me to *Foxe's Hole*, and *Chelsea Bun-house*, the City Pantheon, and all the genteel Places adjutant to *London*.

S O N G.

I.

When I keeps a Footman, I'll soon make him know,
He shall follow my Footsteps wherever I go;
Nor shall he be left in the Pantry to lurch,
But carry my Bible and Prayer-Book to Church.

II. And

II.

And then every Year I will buy him bran new,
 A handsome Brown Coat, with the Cuffs turn'd up
 Blue;
 Then talk of my Uncle, Sir John, and to every
 New Visitor say it's the Family Livery.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

MA 55

2 0 7 0

When I keep a Footman, I'll soon make him know
 He shall follow my Footman wherever I go;
 Nor shall he be left in the lurch to lunch
 But carry my Bible and Prayer-Book to Church.

M. And



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Discovers Sir William alone, a Bell on the Table.

Sir William. I AM resolv'd not to let Love depress my Spirits any longer; it prevents me from using the proper Methods I ought, to rescue this lovely Creature from the Paws of this griping *Dutchman*; and I waste my Time in Misery and Idleness.

[Sits down, and rings his Bell.]

Enter Thomas.

Sir Wm. Who knock'd at the Door, *Thomas*?

Thomas. Only Mrs. *Lettice*.

Sir Wm. What is she doing below?

Thomas. I was telling her —

Sir Wm. *[Starts up, and makes Thomas jump]* You telling her, I'd; fly, and send her up this Moment. *[Thomas runs in a Hurry, misses the Door, almost knocks himself backward; and Exit.]* I am wrong to be angry with this poor well-meaning Fellow!

D

Enter

Enter Lettice.

If I don't soon find some Method to get at my adorable *Sophy*, I shall run mad, Mrs. *Lettice*.

Lett. And I would run mad to keep you Company, with all my Heart, Sir *William*, if that would do any Good; for the *Dutchman* has so many new Fligaries in his Head, Mercy on us!

Sir Wm. What's the Matter. Mrs. *Lettice*?

Lett. He has fill'd up the Gallery that leads to her Room with Pickled Herring Casks, to keep her safe.

Sir Wm. By all that's desperate, I'll go and smother him under his Herring Casks.

Lett. Pray, Sir *William*, don't let your Hurrifications spoil all.

Sir Wm. I will do't, depend on't, *Lettice*.

S O N G.

*No longer, no longer, with Patience I'll bear
A Life that is season'd with nought but Despair;
Before I'll thus live, I my Rage will let loose,
And murder Mynbeer, and set Fire to his House.*

Here, *Thomas*.

Enter Thomas.

Run, and tell Major *Worthy* I beg to see him this Moment. [*Half Exit Thomas.*]

Lett. Pray stop *Thomas*, Sir *William*; for methinks I has a little Comfort for you yet.

Sir Wm. No, no, let him go, *Lettice*.

Lett. Pray stop him till you hears me, Sir *William*.

Sir

Sir Wm. Dear *Lettice*, what would you have me do?

Lett. Only do as I bid you.

Sir Wm. I will, if you'll let me know what you desire me.

Lett. Lord bless me, you breaks the Threads of my Discords every Minute, as *Miss Sophy's* Papa us'd to say.

Sir Wm. Oh, *Job*, *Job*, *Job*!

Lett. *Sir William*, if I is intercepted so much, I shall never get on; and I has a deal more to tell you, but as *Solarmon* says——

Sir Wm. [*hastily*] *Solarmon*! [*Lettice starts.*

Lett. Lord bless me, *Sir William*, you makes a Body's Heart jump into a Body's Mouth: to be sure I did say *Solarmon*; but you sent for *Job* first, else I should never have thought of *Solarman*.

Sir Wm. Then let us drop both *Job* and *Solomon*, and go on with our own Business. What Comfort have you for me?

Lett. A great deal: but I is so hurried on your Account, *Sir William*, I is all on a Twitteration, pray feel. But be sure you comes to the Grove at Ten a Clock, to meet *Miss Sophy*. She is to steal out in the *Dutch Frow's* Cloaths; be sure you wait till she comes: but here is a Billydrew that tells you the whole Ambercade. [*Gives a Letter, and Exit.*

SCENE II. First Chamber.

Enter Lettice and Dutchman.

Mynbeer. I am greatly pleased to find that you have always been my secret Friend, *Mrs. Lettice*.

Lett. Yes, because as how I sees the poor thing cannot help liking you: every body likes you, I thinks.

Mynheer. Do you like me, Mrs. *Lettice*?

Lett. How can I help it, when I declares I never seed a Man, since I came into this Country, that handles his Pockets with such a bung grease, as *Mynheer Vanderdonderdontronck*?

Myn. You are a very sensible Gentlewoman, Mrs. *Lettice*; pray accept the six Stivers to buy you a Ribband with.

Lett. [*aside.*] Here's a Dog in a Doublet, bribe with six Stivers for a Lady with Thirty Thousand Pounds!—Hark, *Mynheer*, I thinks I hears your Wife coming: step aside, and take no Notice; she's going to fetch her *Englishman*.

Enter Sophy, in Dutch Woman's Cloaths.

Sophy. *Lettice* seems to amuse the *Dutchman* exceeding well. Now for a Trial at his Yoke-fellow's genteel Gait.

[*Exit, crossing the Stage, walking awkwardly.*]

Myn. There she goes, Joy go with her!

Lett. So says I, *Mynheer*.

Myn. But where's Miss *Sophy*?

Lett. Reading in the Dressing-room: she bid me lock her in till I went to the Milliner's; she's very busy reading, you may see her through the Key-hole; she said she wou'd not be disturb'd till I comes back.

Myn. (*peeping.*) I see her; pertty Creature, how intent she is!

Lett. (*aside*) Yes, you sees *Betty* in her Clothes. What an Owl this *Dutch Buzzard* is!—Yes, *Mynheer*, she often studies very hard: but would it not be best, as you can stay here and watch her, to lend me the Key of the Garden, and I run after Madam, and let her and the *Englishman* in that Way?

Myn,

Myn. A lucky Thought, Mrs. *Lettice*; and then you can swear to letting them in. [*gives her the Key.*

Lett. Yes, yes, I can take my Dapper dasid to any Thing, to serve the Man my Mistress loves so dearly. [*Ex. Lettice.*

Myn. I am so transported, that, if I don't take great Care, I shall jump out of my Skin for Joy.

S O N G.

*Of all the good Bargains that ever I made,
In Smuggling and Juggling, and sometimes fair Trade,
With Jew or with Christian, with Dutchman or
Turk,
I never shall equal this lucky Day's Work.*

II.

*To get such a charming young delicate Thing,
With Money enough for a Prince or a King;
And what's best of all, in the Prime of my Wife,
To shake off a noisy, fat, troublesome Life.*
[*Exit capering.*

S C E N E III. *The Grove.*

Enter Sir William, walking up and down.

To him Lettice.

Sir Wm. Where's your Mistress, *Lettice*?

Lett. O gracious! isn't she here, *Sir William*?

Sir Wm. Why that Question, *Lettice*?

Lett. Because I am frightful to Death. She came out a Quarter of an Hour since, in the Dutch Frow's Clothes, and I expected to have found her here: sure, no Harm is come to her?

Sir

THE DUTCHMAN.

Sir Wm. By Heaven, the very Idea of an Accident happening to that lovely Creature has set my Brain on Fire.

Lett. Pray, *Sir William*, let us run and seek her; and that will be better than making a Bonfire of your Brains.

Sir Wm. (*musing*) I am rooted here.

Lett. And I don't care if you grows there till I come back; but I goes and seeks for her. [*Exit.*]

Sir Wm. What shall I do? will my Perplexities never cease? If I run to find this dear Creature, and she happen to come in the Interim, there will be nobody to receive her; and if I don't stir, I may miss an Opportunity of meeting her: so I'll take my Chance.

S O N G.

*Guide, O guide me, God of Love,
Where to find this charming Maid!
Shall I slay, or shall I rove,
And go seek her through the Shade?*

S C E N E IV. *The Street.*

Enter Sophy and Thomas.

Sophy. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Thomas.

Tho. This is some *Dutchwoman* of Quality fallen in Love with my handsome Face. I'll humour her, thof I don't much like their square Hips.—Did you please to want me, Madam?

Sophy. Yes, Mr. Thomas; I have a Favour to beg of you.

Tho.

THE DUTCHMAN.

31

Tho. As many as you pleases, Madam. Lord, what a pretty Face she has for a *Dutchwoman*! I believe Madam *Lettice* must go suck her Thumbs for *Thomas* at last.

Sophy. Will you be so kind?

Tho. As kind as you pleases, Madam.

Sophy. So kind as to conduct me to your Master: he is in the Grove of Bay Trees.—

Tho. If Sir *William* is there, Madam, he is over busy with an *English* Lady, to have Time to speak to a *Dutchwoman*; but I will be as kind as you pleases, Madam. Altho' she's a *Dutchwoman*, she's as handsome as a Christian.

Sophy. What, don't you know Miss *Sophy*, *Thomas*?

Tho. O Lord! it is Miss *Sophy*, with a Pair of *Dutch* Hips on. Come along, Madam: he goes along yonder Revenue. [Exit.

SCENE V. The Grove.

Enter Sophy and Sir William.

My ever lovely and adorable Charmer, Words cannot express how much the Sight of you is endear'd by my Apprehensions of Danger.

Sophy. Indeed, Sir *William*, I am frighten'd.

Sir Wm. My charming Angel, how shall I ever repay this wondrous Goodness? Without your Aid, I must have sunk under my Despair and Grief.

Sophy. I think you might have contrived some Method or other to come to see me, and not have reduc'd me to the Necessity of so openly avowing my

my Tendernefs for you, by being the Contriver of this Meeting.

Sir Wm. But I'll fpend my whole Life in grateful Acknowledgments to you, for being the kind, the dear Contriver.

Sophy. Was it not hard tho' that I could not be ftolen away, but be forc'd to meet you almoft all the Road?—it feems fo forward.

S O N G.

*Why at fuch a tender Age,
Was I forc'd to break my Cage.
Why my Tendernefs expose,
And my Love fo foon difclofe.*

*Had cool Reason been my Guide.
I your Faith fhould long have try'd.
But by Force compell'd I now
Truft both Life and Fame with you.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Mynheer's Wife, and Lettice.

Wife. If what Mifs *Sophy* has told me proves true, *Lettice*, I won't leave this precious Rogue of mine as much Skin on his Face, as will cover the Tip of his Copper Nofe.

Lett. Don't leave him fo much, Madam, as will the Head of a Minikin Pin.

Wife. No more I will, *Lettice*; I'll teach him to hanker after young Pullets.

Lett. Efpecially when he has fo fine a Frieze-land Hen of his own.

Wife. I shall have no Patience with him,
Lettice.

Lett. If I had as much Patience as a Judge when he's asleep, I would not use a Nutshell full to serve such a Varlet; but come, Madam, this is the Time he'll be watching to catch you.

Wife. If I catch him at that Sport, let him look to it, *Lettice.*

Lett. And if we don't catch him, I'll be content to have no Man catch me, but go with a broken Heart to the Shadows below Stairs; so come along, Madam.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Mynheer and Claussen.

[*The Wife and Lettice peeping.*]

Myn. This is the Hole thro' which my charming, little, witty, pretty, prattling, Chargee, told me I should certainly catch the *Englishman* with my Rib.—[*they peep.*] By Brandy and Gunpowder, they are there; look how he hugs her, don't you see him, *Claussen*?

Clauss. Yeawh, Mynheer.

Myn. I wish he would squeeze her to a Mummy.

Clauss. She'll take a deal of Squeezing.

Wife. I'll try, presently, how much Squeezing that Varlet's Ears will take, to make him roar,
Lettice.

Myn. But my Comfort is, I shall now get quit of her; and then, what a pure quiet House we shall have!

E

Clauss.

Clauff. Yeaw; but then all the Rats will return again. Nothing but her scolding can keep the House clear of them.

Wife. I must pull that Rogue's Nose off directly,
Lettice.

Lett. Dear Madam, stand still, or you'll spoil all.

Myn. You saw her plainly, sitting on his Knee, with his Arms about her Waist; so you can swear to any thing else.

Clauff. Yeawh, *Mynbeer.*

Myn. But she'll never have a Face to deny it.

Wife claps her *Husband* on the *Shoulder*, and says, No, to be sure; but first let me try if this precious Witness has both his Ears on, else we shan't believe a Word he says, *Lettice.* [*Seizes Clauffen by both his Ears, and puts his Face to the Hole.*] Does he hug her yet, *Clauffen*? [*Shakes him well.*]

Clauff. Ye—aw—aw—awh.

[*Escapes to the Back of the Stage.*]

Wife [*to Mynbeer.*] You Rogue; you vilest of all Rogues; how dare you look such an honest Woman as me in the Face?

Lett. He dares do any thing but what he should do, Madam.

Wife. Yes; he'll give a Thousand Ducats to any Man that will fetch me, or give old *Nick* the Preference, I guess, for an Abatement of Half per Cent. But the Devil won't be outwitted by you, Sirrah.

Lett. He wou'd tho', if he made a Bargain to fetch you. [*aside.*]

Wife. But I'll disband all my Patience, and pull your Eyes out, Sirrah. [*flies at him.*]

Enter

THE DUTCHMAN. 35

Enter Sir William, Sophy, and Thomas.

[Sir William stops the Dutchman's Wife.]

Sophy. Dear Madam *Vanderdonderdontronk*, let me prevail on you to moderate your Rage a little. I see Repentance spreading all over his square Face; now is the Time to make him sign his Consent.

Wife. To shew that you repent, set your Hand to this Paper, that you agree to Miss *Sophy's* Marriage to Sir *William*. *[Dutchman signs, gives it to Sophy, but seems to grumble.]* Are you grumbling at what you have done?

Myn. Oh no such Thing; I was only grumbling to myself, that, since my Duck forgives me, I am as happy as a Prince.

Sir Will. Then we are all happy.

S O N G.

*Attend with both Ears to the Doctrine I preach,
That Happiness always is in your own Reach;
For this Golden Rule you need not go far,
Believe that you're Happy, and Happy you are.*

Chorus.

For this Golden Rule, &c. &c.

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